And with the clamour keepe her ſtill awake:
This is a way to kill a Wife with kindneſſe,
And thus Ile curbe her mad and headſtrong humor:
He that knowes better how to tame a ſhrew,
Now let him ſpeake, 'tis charitie to ſhew. *Exit.*

Enter Tranio and Hortenſio:

Tra. Is't poſſible friend *Liſio*, that Miſtris *Bianca*
Doth fancie any other but *Lucentio*,
I tell you ſir, ſhe beares me faire in hand,

Luc. Sir, to ſatisfie you in what I haue ſaid,
Stand by, and marke the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca.

Hor. Now Miſtris profit you in what you read?

Bian. What Maſter reade you firſt, reſolue me that?

Hor. I read that I profeſſe the Art to loue.

Bian. And may you proue ſir Maſter of your Art.

Luc. While you ſweete deere proue Miſtreſſe of my heart.

Hor. Quicke proceeders marry now tell me I pray,
You that durſt ſweare that your miſtris *Bianca*
Lou'd me in the world ſo well as *Lucentio*.

Tra. Oh deſpightfull Loue vnconſtant womankind,
I tell thee *Liſio* this is wonderfull.

Hor. Miſtake no more, I am not *Liſio*,
Nor a Muſitian as I ſeeme to bee,
But one that ſcorne to liue in this diſguiſe,
For ſuch a one as leaues a Gentleman,
And makes a God of ſuch a Cullion;
Know ſir, that I am call'd *Hortenſio*.

Tra. Signior *Hortenſio*, I haue often heard
Of your intire affection to *Bianca*,
And ſince mine eyes are witneſſe of her lightneſſe,
I will with you, if you be ſo contented,
Forſweare *Bianca*, and her loue for euer.

Hor. See how they kiſſe and court: Signior, *Lucentio*,
Heere is my hand, and heere I firmly vow
Neuer to woo her more, but do forſweare her
As one vnworthy all the former fauors
That I haue fondly flatter'd them withall.

Tra. And heere I take the like vnfained oath,

Neuer

Neuer to marrie with her, though ſhe would intreate,
Fie on her, ſee how beaſtly ſhe doth court him.

Hor. Would all the world but he had quite forſworne
For me, that I may ſurely keepe mine oath.
I will be married to a wealthy Widdow,
Ere three dayes paſſe, which hath as long lou'd me,
As I haue lou'd this proud diſdainfull Haggard,
And ſo farewell ſignior *Lucentio*,
Kindneſſe in women, not their beauteous lookes
Shall win my loue, and ſo I take my leaue,
In reſolution, as I ſwore before.

Tra. Miſtris *Bianca*, bleſſe you with ſuch grace,
As longeth to a Louers bleſſed caſe:
Nay, I haue tane you napping gentle Loue,
And haue forſworne you with *Hortenſio*.

Bian. Tranio you ieſt, but haue you both forſworne me?

Tra. Miſtris we haue.

Luc. Then we are rid of *Liſio*.

Tra. I'faith hee'l haue a luſtie Widdow now,
That ſhall be woo'd, and wedded in a day.

Bian. God giue him ioy.

Tra. I, and hee'l tame her.

Bianca. He ſayes ſo *Tranio*

Tra. Faith he is gon vnto the taming ſchoole.

Bian. The taming ſchoole: what is there ſuch a place?

Tra. I miſtris, and *Petruchio* is the maſter,
That teacheth tricks eleuen and twentie long,
To tame a ſhrew, and charme her chattering tongue.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Oh Maſter, maſter I haue watcht ſo long,
That I am dogge-weary, but at laſt I eſpied
An antient Angell comming downe the hill,
Will ſerue the turne.

Tra. What is he *Biondello*?

Bion. Maſter, a Marcantant, or a pedant,
I know not what' but formall in apparell,
In gate and countenance ſurely like a Father.

Luc. And what of him *Tranio*?

Tra. If he be credulous, and truſt my tale,